

HELL AS PREACHED.

Prominent Clergymen Give Their Ideas of Future Punishment.

SEE THE SUNDAY WORLD.

PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK. SKATING TILL 11.

Central Park Lakes to Be Kept Open Another Hour at Night.

"The Evening World's" Successful Appeal to Park Officials.

Happy Skaters Can Improve Every Moment of the Fleeting Season.

To the Editor: I know that THE EVENING WORLD is in the interests of the people. Can you not use your influence to have the Central Park kept open until 11 o'clock in the evening?

Upon receipt of the foregoing letter representatives of THE EVENING WORLD were sent at once to present the facts to President Gallup, of the Board of Park Commissioners; Superintendent of Central Park, and Capt. Beattie, of the Park Police, and urge upon them the propriety of acceding to the wish of the public.

The result of these interviews has been in the highest degree satisfactory, and THE EVENING WORLD is enabled to announce that during the skating season the lakes will be kept open till 11 o'clock nightly.

President Gallup promptly said he could see no reason why skating in the Park should not be allowed until 11 o'clock for the accommodation of the people.

"The extra hour will cost us \$50 nightly for the overtime of employees. That's all the extra expense it will involve, and we can afford that." "I will order the lakes to be kept open to-night until 11 o'clock, and in the mean time I will confer with Mr. Parsons, of Central Park, to find out if there are any reasons why we should not continue to allow the skating until that hour as long as the ice lasts."

Mr. Parsons consented with Capt. Beattie, who seemed of the same opinion; but after taking into consideration the fact that the lakes have not been open for skating for two years past, and that the season is liable to be of very short duration, they decided to agree to President Gallup's plan to keep the lakes open till 11 o'clock to-night as an experiment, and if successful, the hour of closing will be kept at 11 o'clock throughout the season.

It is evident that the citizens of New York, both young and old, are at present more interested in skating than in any other form of popular amusement.

Since the red mail was hoisted up two days ago, and the news was spread abroad that the ice upon the lakes in Central Park was strong enough to bear the crowds of merry-makers that would be sure to turn out at the very first opportunity, it has been the all-important and all-absorbing topic of the hour.

And well it might be, for it is now more than three years since the people of Gotham have had a taste of this beautiful and invigorating winter sport, and it is natural that they should enter a very vigorous protest against any official rules and regulations which may curtail their enjoyment of this rare pleasure. Skating in New York City is a luxury which comes so seldom that one cannot afford to neglect it.

The evening is just the time when the real fun begins, and, as our correspondent says, it is hard lines to cut short the enjoyment of the very people who appreciate it most—the workers, who, after a hard day's labor, have an hour or two in the evening which can be put in pleasantly and profitably at the Park while the skating season lasts.

No one can tell how much longer our carnival season is going to last. It may be on the decline even at the present time, for in this part of the country a continued cold wave is about the most uncertain of things to count upon.

The exceptionally severe cold snap this season have given us better skating in the Park than we have had for years, and we all want to enjoy it while it lasts, and what is more, we don't want to lose a minute of it.

There may be now an old-fashioned January thaw on its way here, and if the weather clerk's prophesying apparatus is not utterly unreliable there is this morning a suggestion of such an unfortunate experience in store for us.

Cold waves cannot be depended upon after a thaw, and if a thaw once strikes the town it may be good-by skating for good.

Under these circumstances it is clear that there is not a moment to be lost.

The skaters and merry-makers may enjoy themselves until 11 o'clock to-night at least. Let them get all the sport and fun they possibly can.

Last night there was almost a riot when the Park policemen and attendants tried to stop the skating and clear the lakes at 10 o'clock. They had to drive and drag the people off the ice sheer force.

The was done by means of long ropes, which were stretched across the ice at one end of the lake or at one of its inlets, and then gradually drawn along till the skaters were finally dragged and crowded ashore.

The policemen afterwards had all they could do to prevent the people from running around the lines and getting on the ice again, and altogether it was an unpleasant ending to a delightful evening.

The keeping of the skating ponds open until 11 o'clock, as stated by President Gallup, will involve very little trouble and trifling extra expense. The lakes are lighted by scores of lamps, which make it almost as bright as day, and an hour or more or less will hardly be an item to the city, especially when the season is likely to be so short.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Tipsters' Opinions as to the Various Winners To-Day.

Programme of the Several Events to Be Run Off.

Judging by the usual conditions of form, weight and distance, the winners at Gutterburg today may be as follows:
First Race—Steve Jerome, 1; Hipton, 2; Blackburn, 3.
Second Race—Ben Harrison, 1; Objection, 2; Pearl Set, 3.
Third Race—Lizette, 1; Woodcutter, 2; Frances S., 3.
Fourth Race—Wilson, 1; Prince Fortunatus, 2; Treble, 3.
Fifth Race—Rancocas, 1; Sunday, 2; Autocrat, 3.
Sixth Race—Melodrama, 1; Macaulay, 2; Success, 3.

Reference in the Sporting World makes these selections:

First Race—Steve Jerome, Red Light.
Second Race—Ben Harrison, Objection.
Third Race—Lizette, Cascade.
Fourth Race—Prince Fortunatus, Brussels.
Fifth Race—Rancocas, Autocrat.
Sixth Race—Macaulay, Fernwood.

From Other Morning Papers.
First Race—Alma Lily, Blanche.
Second Race—Objection, Pearl Set.
Third Race—Woodcutter, Frances S.
Fourth Race—Prince Fortunatus, Wilson.
Fifth Race—Autocrat, Rancocas.
Sixth Race—Macaulay, Fernwood.

First Race—Steve Jerome, Red Light.
Second Race—Ben Harrison, Objection.
Third Race—Lizette, Cascade.
Fourth Race—Wilson, Blue Jeans.
Fifth Race—Sunday, Autocrat.
Sixth Race—Macaulay, Success.

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Second Race—Ben Harrison, Objection.
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Fifth Race—Sunday, Autocrat.
Sixth Race—Macaulay, Success.

CUTTENBURG ENTRIES.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
Gutterburg Race Track, Jan. 10.—The entries for to-day's races are as follows:

First Race—Seven horses: 1. Steve Jerome, 110; 2. Hipton, 105; 3. Blackburn, 100; 4. Ben Harrison, 95; 5. Objection, 90; 6. Pearl Set, 85; 7. Lizette, 80.
Second Race—Three horses: 1. Ben Harrison, 100; 2. Objection, 95; 3. Pearl Set, 90.
Third Race—Three horses: 1. Lizette, 100; 2. Cascade, 95; 3. Woodcutter, 90.
Fourth Race—Three horses: 1. Wilson, 100; 2. Prince Fortunatus, 95; 3. Treble, 90.
Fifth Race—Three horses: 1. Rancocas, 100; 2. Sunday, 95; 3. Autocrat, 90.
Sixth Race—Three horses: 1. Macaulay, 100; 2. Success, 95; 3. Fernwood, 90.

ONLY T. P. O'CONNOR LEFT.

John Dillon Sails for France to Meet Parnell and O'Brien.

HELL AS PREACHED.

OPINIONS OF THE PLACE OF ETERNAL TORMENT BY New York's Greatest Ministers.

Shall Vivisection Cease? Henry Guy Carleton GIVES STRONG CLAIMS FOR THE CONTINUANCE OF A MEDICAL PRACTICE THAT BENEFITS MANKIND.

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CUT RATES FOR CHAMPAGNE.

Hotel Men Break from the Four Dollars a Bottle Standard.

Interesting Figures that Show the Cost and Profits of Handling Fizz.

Champagne drinkers are just at present realizing an unexpected benefit from the McKinley tariff. The framers of that law increased the import duties upon all kinds of "fizz," in consequence of which hotel and restaurant keepers found that the standard retail price of \$5.00 per quart bottle yielded what they deemed an insufficient margin of profit for handling.

The new duty rates were enforced on and after Oct. 1 last. Every champagne seller on renewing his supply after that date was compelled to pay more money to the importer, and found his own profit cut off by just so much.

As a consequence, a proposal was made and adopted at a meeting of the Hotel-Keepers' Association to advance the retail price to \$4 a quart. This plan promised to work nicely, but the real effect was to diminish competition, and that to a degree that reduced the dealer's profits even below what they would have been at the old price.

Then followed dissatisfaction among those whose champagne patronage was most seriously affected, and in several hotels, such as the Astor House, the Plaza and the Murray Hill, the wine cards were marked back to \$3.50 a quart and \$1.75 a pint for champagne.

A meeting of the Association, held early this week, considered the subject again, and a resolution was passed declaring that all members of the Association should establish and maintain the \$4 rate, but the resolution was so worded that every member was really left free to sell for such price as he might choose.

For the Press Club's Benefit.

The Broadway Theatre to-morrow evening will undoubtedly be packed with the members of the Press Club and their friends.

Mr. Depew will open the course of six lectures to be given under the auspices of the Club, with his latest effort, entitled "Contrasts."

It is doubtful if the lives of a man who could successfully cope with Mr. Depew on this subject, as it falls to the lot of very few to enjoy the experience of Mr. Depew in social, financial and political affairs. It is needless to add that the evening's entertainment will be provided with interesting reminiscences and observations.

Now the issue has been sharply defined by Lindford Breslin, of the Gipsy House, who is selling champagne at \$3 a quart. This he does, he says, because the arbitrary price of \$4 would practically prohibit remunerative custom, and the importers must in the end reduce their prices; to this end he aims to force action.

What course will be adopted by the Hotel-Keepers' Association in view of Mr. Breslin's reduced prices is not certain; but it is said that whatever figure may be adopted by Charles Delmonico will be accepted by other dealers.

An EVENING WORLD reporter was told to-day by a gentleman in a position to be especially well informed that champagne of the best brands, in quart bottles, can be bought in any desired quantity in New York including all the import duties, for \$3 a case of twelve bottles.

This is \$2.60 a quart, leaving for profit, when retailed at \$3 a bottle, 35 cents, or \$4 on a case.

At \$3.50 per quart the profit is increased to 85 cents a bottle or \$10 a case.

At the proposed price of \$4 a bottle the dealer realizes \$1.25 on a quart, or \$15 a case, exactly 50 per cent.

These figures make consumers critical. They argue that while dealers are content with 30 to 40 per cent profit on liquors, it is unreasonable for him to exact as much profit from a single bottle of champagne as is realized from 30 cases of whiskey or 20 cases of brandy or two cases of claret.

The extent of public interest in the matter may be gauged from the fact that New York is said to consume annually more champagne than any city in the world, barring Paris and St. Petersburg.

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HIS SKIN FOR HIS WIFE.

Mrs. Wilck's Head to Be Covered Through Her Husband's Sacrifice.

The Skin Will Be Taken from His Body in Three-Inch Strips.

Herman Wilck and Minnie Emma, his young wife, will be made one in a peculiar way by Visiting Surgeon Frank Hartley and House Surgeons L. A. Zerega and M. E. Artman at Bellevue Hospital week after next.

The story of how tall, lithe and beautiful Mrs. Wilck was completely scalped by machinery on the day after Christmas has been told in THE EVENING WORLD. Herman Wilck is superintendent of the Co-operative Laundry at First avenue and Twenty-third street.

Mrs. Wilck visited the laundry that morning. A window was open and the "noise" of the machinery of that day was heard in the opening. Mrs. Wilck clambered upon the sill to close the window.

Her head was on a level with the shafting. Her long and luxuriant tresses were caught on it. All unconscious Mrs. Wilck jumped to the floor. But the shafting clung to her tresses, and in three her scalp was torn completely off from her head.

She has been in Ward 7, Second Surgical Division of Bellevue Hospital ever since. She has never once lost consciousness, though her head from the eyebrows to the back of her neck was completely skinned by the machinery.

The scalp was taken to the hospital in a box of newspaper, but it was forty-five minutes after the accident when House-Surgeon Woods had it out of hair and prepared for replacing on the head from which it had been torn.

It was too late. The scalp would not adhere, and by the time it was on the edges, it was cut away till all was gone, and for several days Mrs. Minnie Emma Wilck has faced the prospect of going without a hair on her head as long as she lives.

Physically she has almost completely recovered, and every day she is wheeled up to a window in a hospital chair and receives visits from her devoted husband.

But the shapely head is swathed in bandages, and is one raw, raw sore. The sore is fully twelve inches square, and besides the loss of her scalp, Mrs. Wilck's left ear is entirely gone, and her left eyebrow, once beautifully arched and prettily, is gone.

The tearing out of her brow left nothing to hold her left eyelid in place and it droops helplessly over the eye.

The surgeons are preparing the head for the uncommon operation of skin-grafting, and in about eight days it will be in the proper condition to undergo the process.

When the idea was suggested to Herman Wilck, the devotion and love of the husband brought this prompt reply:

"I am strong and healthy. She is my wife. Take the skin you need from me."

That is what will be done. It will be a long, slow and tedious process for the husband as well as for the wife.

Herman Wilck is a robust, healthy German, about forty years old. He is of full habit, florid and with a luxuriant beard of red.

To an EVENING WORLD reporter he said this morning:

"My wife. Who should be more willing than her husband to submit to the transfer of his skin to her poor head? It will take eight weeks to complete the operation, and it will make me very uncomfortable, but in the end I shall have my wife again, poor child."

"She is not yet twenty-five years old. She was only a little girl when I married her, eight years ago. We have never had any children. She might have climbed on that all a thousand times and had no accident. It was just fate that caught her this time."

"The surgeons that I have talked with say that the skin from my thigh will be cut out in small pieces."

The sturdy husband rubbed his hand tenderly over his thigh as he spoke.

"Only a little at a time. It will be placed on my wife's head. When it heals another small piece will be taken and placed beside it. The doctors say that it will take at least eight weeks to cover the whole space."

Dr. Zerega succeeded Dr. Woods on Jan. 1, and the house surgeons were reticent regarding the coming operation, but it was learned that the operating surgeon would remove the skin from Herman Wilck's thigh, in strips three inches long by one inch wide.

It will require no less than forty-eight of these strips to cover the barren scalp of Herman's young wife, but there is no fear of the result.

The operation will not be particularly painful to the husband, the surgeon's knife removing only the epithelium of outer skin. Of course, it will require no less than forty-eight of these strips to cover the barren scalp of Herman's young wife, but there is no fear of the result.

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A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

No. 12.

TAMMANY TIGER—I resolve to Swallow everything I can.

Settlers Fortified at an Isolated South Dakota Ranch.

Willie Bird a Pitiful Wreck at Gouverneur Hospital.

William R. Bird, 18 years old. Tobacco poisoning.

This is an entry on the "patients received" book at Gouverneur Hospital, and it doesn't begin to tell the story conveyed in the mere words. It is another case of cigarettes.

Stripped to a couch on the second floor of the hospital, lies the victim of this pernicious habit, and a pitiful spectacle he presents.

The doctors were forced to tie his hands to the sides of the bed to prevent the young sufferer from tearing his face and neck with his finger nails in his delirium.

Willie Bird was brought to the hospital yesterday a poor, weak, emaciated, awful of bones. Thursday night he leaped from his bed in his home, 15 Stanton street, frenzied with fear at some imaginary object of horror.

His senses left him, and he has since lain moaning and tossing and rolling his glassy eyes on a couch at Gouverneur Hospital.

His father, William J. Bird, said his boy was a victim of the cigarette habit and would smoke several packages a day.

Given his health and freedom from the slavery of the cigarette, Willie Bird would be a fine specimen of physical manhood, sound in body and mind and eyes sparkling and clear as a bell. Now he lies a pining thing of skin and bones, his face yellow, face drawn and shrunk to a ghastly thinness; his blue eyes open and staring at the ceiling in a semidiotic manner.

His condition is extremely critical, and Dr. L. T. Johnson, in charge of the case, says it is doubtful if he ever recovers.

His vitality, once so low, face drawn and shrunk to a ghastly thinness; his blue eyes open and staring at the ceiling in a semidiotic manner.

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